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January 4, 1963 - Friday

Croaking, carping soothsayers, and listeners to radio have warned me against the ghastly weather conditions in England. At 7:30 a.m. I rallied my reluctant carcass into motion, and taxied an hour later to Idlewild. We were aloft at 10:30. The crew reported lugubriously on conditions in London--it sounds like Alaska. Due to the time of year there were only six first class passengers on this mammoth clipper.

The trip to London [redacted] took only seven hours. We [redacted] were warned at one point enroute that we might have to land in Germany because of fog in London. Fortunately, the fog cleared up. London is blanketed in snow, as it has been for a week or longer; Bob Smith says the weather is reported to have been recently the most unseasonable for 100 years.

Lewis Jones and Al Wells met me at the Airport. They came back to the house for a drink.

All was well at home. The dogs had gone to bed, but are said to be jubilant over the snowfalls. They roll and play with abandon in the whitish soot.

January 5, 1963 - Saturday

Regents Park is deserted. Nothing to be seen except gaunt trees and great stretches of snow. Our own lawns are a sheet of ice, except where the dogs, [redacted] revelling in this weather, have broken through. Went to the office. Afterwards, I lunched with Stash Radziwill at the Garrick Club. I have seldom had a more congenial meal and conversation.

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